

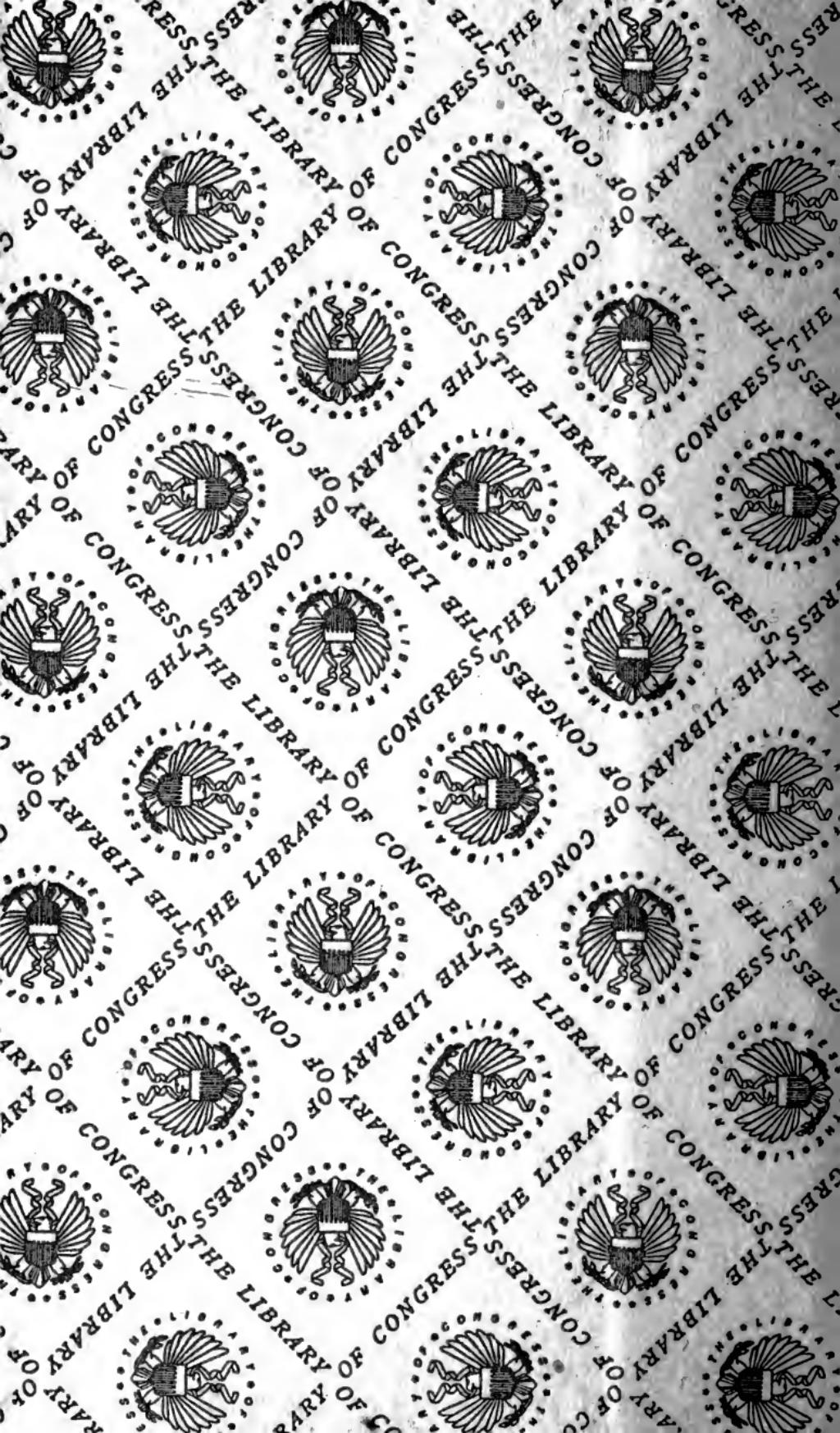
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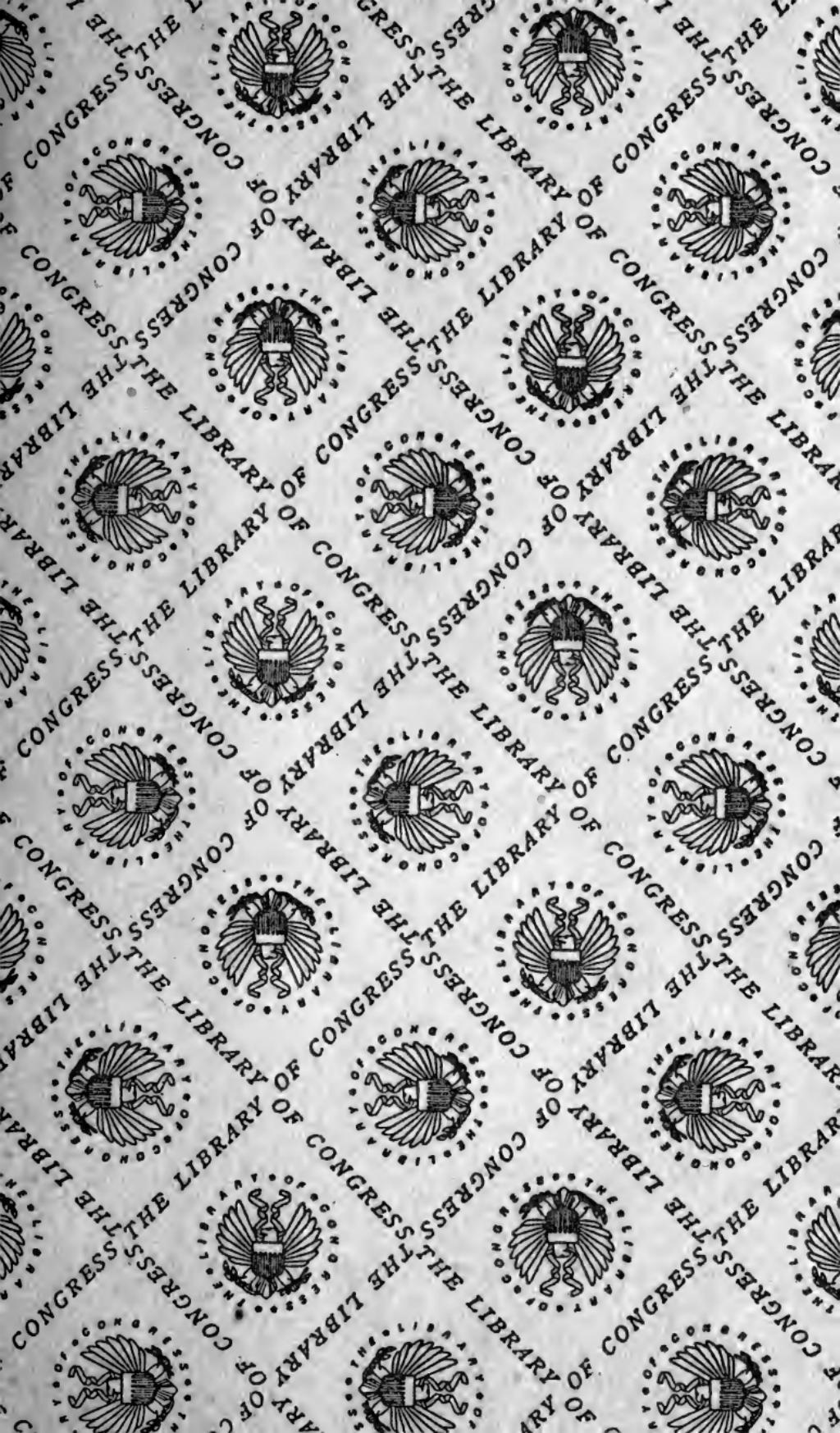
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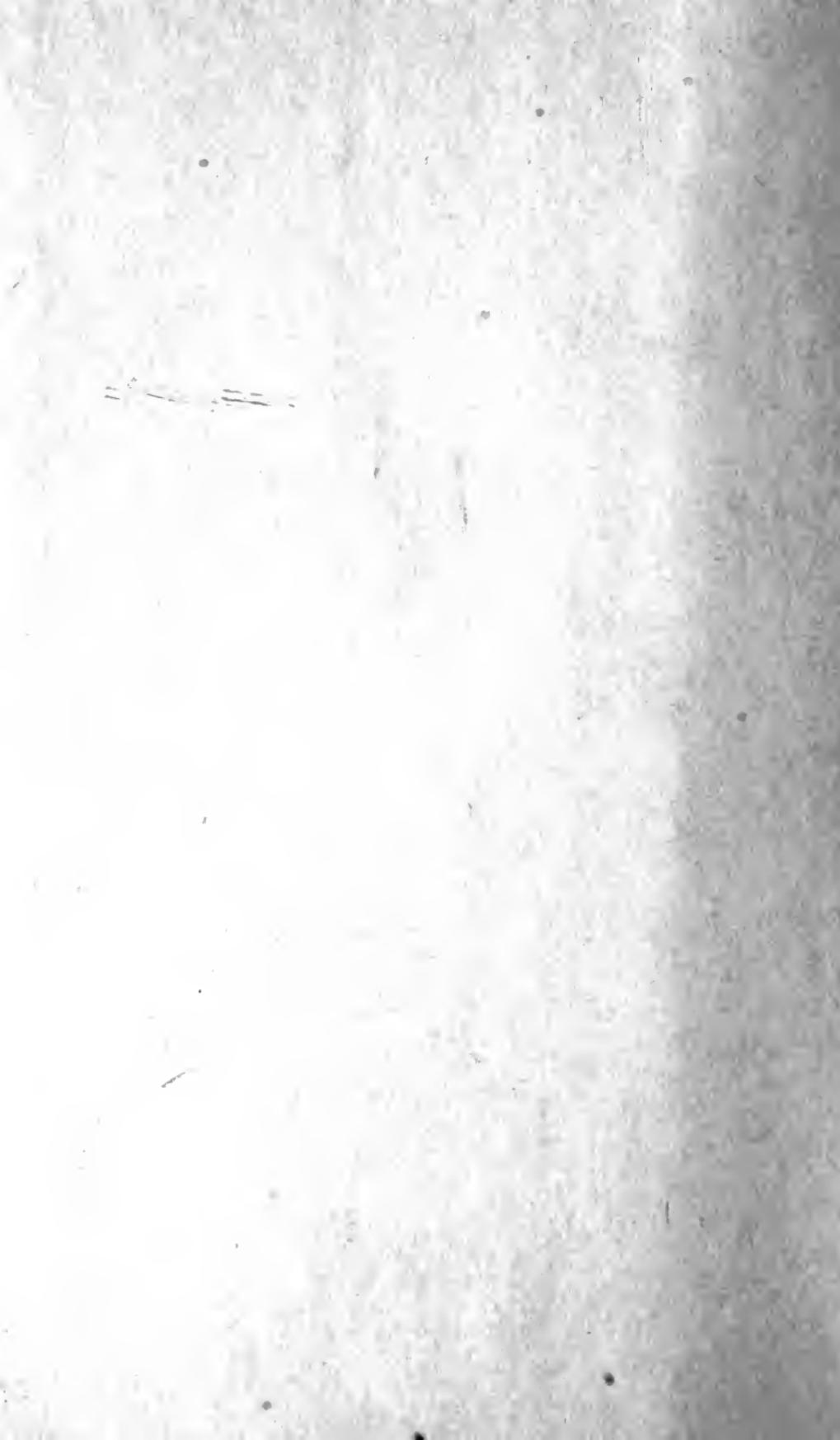
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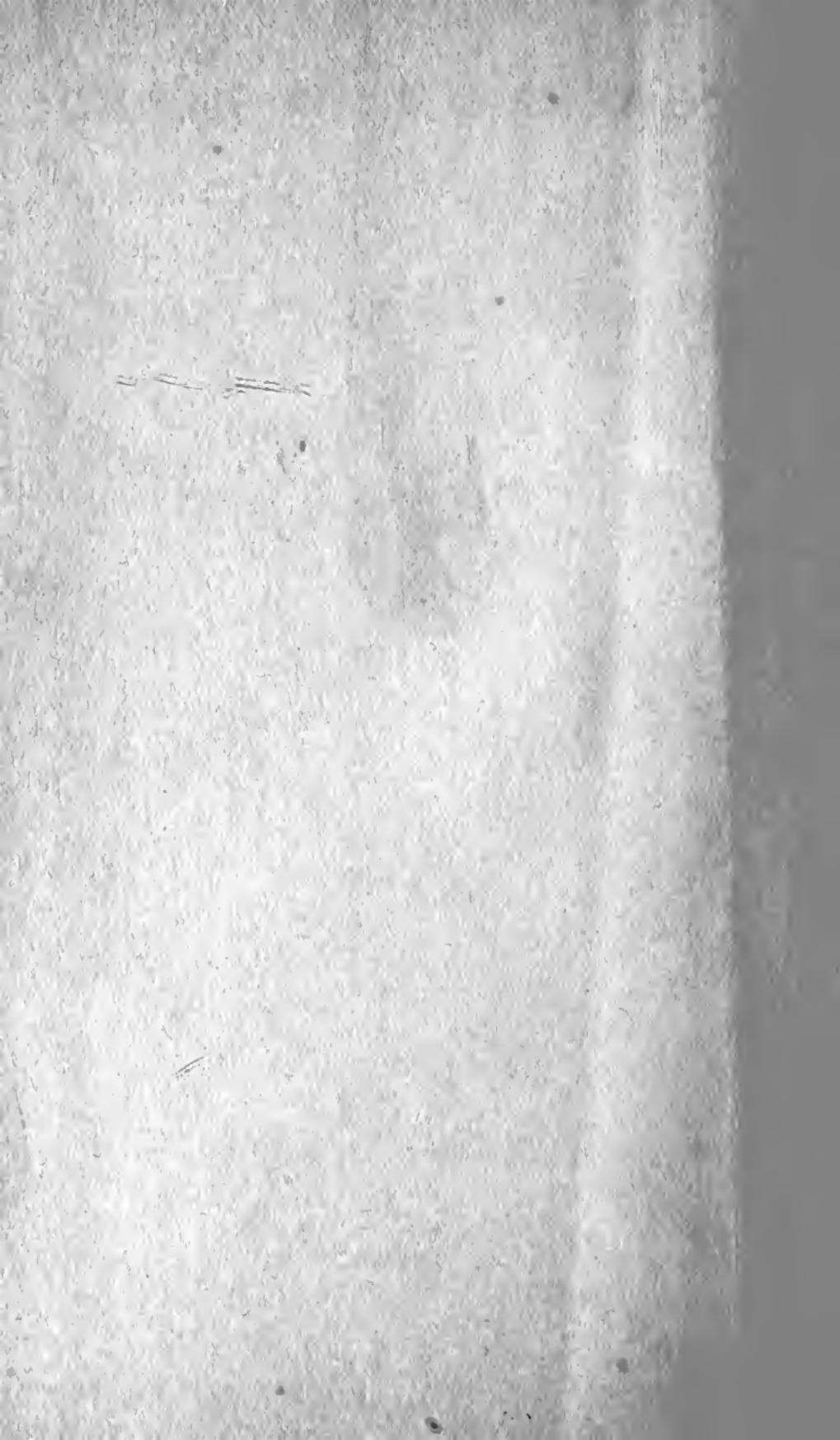
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AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC



AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

BY

DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN



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TO MY MOTHER

Some of these poems are reprinted here through the courtesy of the editors of the *Century Magazine*, *The Poetry Journal*, *The Pathfinder*, and the *Boston Evening Transcript*. The Browning poem appeared first in Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's Browning Centenary page of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, and the last stanza of "Year of the Peace" appeared in his Peace Page. I thank these editors for permission to reprint these poems.

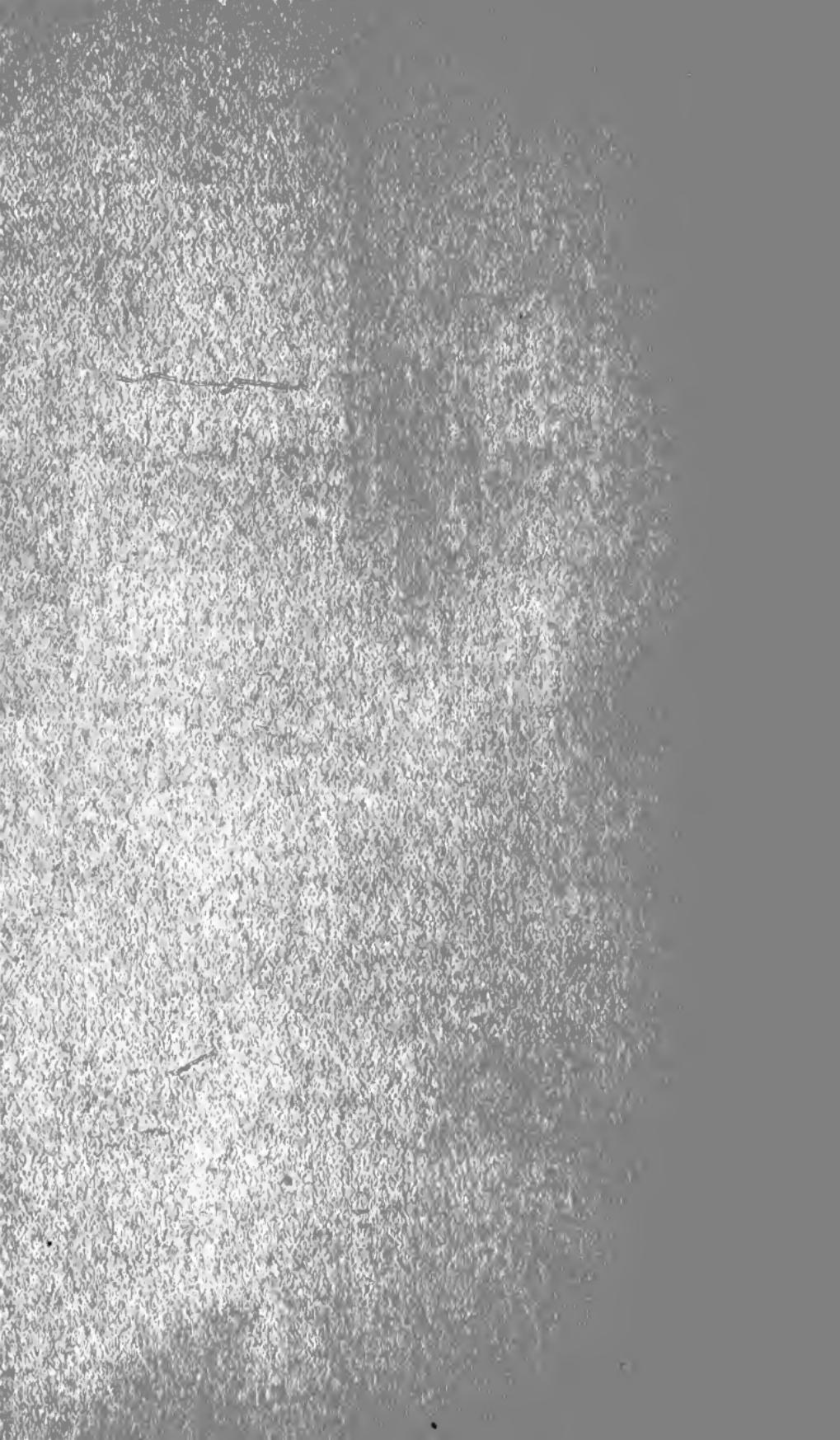
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AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC



IN A FLOWER SHOP

Spring comes earliest in flower shops,
Bringing windows riotous with bloom—
Pink and yellow, white and blue, blossoms calling you!
And beyond the door you whiff the moist warm sweet
odor
Of Nature in her workshop.

Will you have the purple violets
With their heavy stifling fragrance,
And the passion and perfection of their satin-sheen?
They are meant to nestle close against the bosom
Of a dream-rich woman whose soft firm fingers move
among the petals
While her dark eyes brood above them,—
Warm and tender—with memories of you!

There is welcome in the fragrance of the roses.
They are fit for glowing girlhood—
To match the color in her cheeks
And the swinging rhythm of her step.
On tip-toe with excitement at the wonder of the world
They will sway against a bosom—where they wake no
memories!

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

And then there is the orchid—fair exotic stranger.
All contrary and wise, she holds herself aloof
And waits the heavy-lidded woman with experience
in her eyes—
What they have to tell each other you and I will never
know !

See the riot of the tulips—
Unfragrant, unmysterious,
They grace the dinner table of a mother or a wife.

Beyond the flashing tulips stand the yellow jonquils.
Nothing else has ever caught so fearlessly the color of
the sun.

They always seem to whisper
A merry little tune of happy days to come.
So buy them for their glowing gold—and forget them
in an hour !

But come into the flower shop if only for a moment,
And drink deep of all the colors of the spring !
Open wide your nostrils
And inhale the mellowed fragrance of a dozen different
flowers mingling in the warm damp room.
Just come into the flower-shop and—laugh—
For spring is here !

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

CANDLE-GLOW

Between the twilight and the dark
A spark
Of glowing candle light
Seems to hold back the rush of night—
The brooding of imperious wings
Which swallow up the daylight things.
The candle's golden beams
Ray themselves out in thread-thin streams
And lose themselves in the great dark,
Where voices hark
Hover and quiver in the night,
Drawn to the light
By that onrushing impulse of Desire
Which draws its own into its heart of fire.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

SPRING-SONG

Spring! and all the passion of the spring
Like the song of wine along the blood,
All the ache of beauty trembling at flood,
Tip-toe while the first birds sing.

Spring! and we who watched a thousand springs
Dawn and die upon some distant star,
Know the old thrill straining at bar,
Taste the mad joy every springtime brings.

Spring! and we who loved those other springs,
Feel the throbbing of the blossoming earth
Wake the world and us to radiant rebirth,
Touch our dreams to wild white visionings.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

IF I WERE A SUMMER BREEZE

If I were a summer breeze,
And I kept the self-same heart,
I would seek the soft pine trees
To speak with my love apart.

I would seek you here at dawn,
And follow you home at night,
Till the breeze in the pine trees born,
Should flutter your candle light.

I would whisper into your ears,
Tales that my ears had known,—
For I'd come from strange lands and years,
On the breath of centuries blown—

I would speak my tale in your heart,—
Though I were only a breeze,
And you the beauty of all the world,
Caught beneath these old pine trees.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

BROKEN LIGHTS

[FOR LAWRENCE BACON MANN]

Glories there are too high for our forgetting,
Who love the deeps and know the morning star,
Times when each mortal sun draws to its setting,
And only the eternal beauties are.

Moments of wonder deep and unregretting,
That glimpse a radiance visioned from afar.
Like broken lights they fade into a spark—
On memory's dark.

Lost splendors ever mock the eyes that wait.
We who must travel strange and lonely seas,
Have battled with weak hands forbidding fate,
Knowing the comfort of stray lights like these,
Then with rekindled hopes, though worn and late,
Have dared strong tempests for our love's release.
What though the moment fade, it leaves a spark—
To light our dark.

But broken lights! We hail them with misgiving,
Who long for some sure steady perfect sun,
But broken lights! yet all our longest living
Gathers but scattered fragments of the one
Vast light—forever and forever giving
Its broken radiance till earth's course is run,
When all these lights flash to a glowing spark—
Banishing all dark.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

FLOWER WORSHIP

I would not pluck a single flower,
Spoil by the fraction of an hour
Its perfect prayer.

I see it pressing from the sod,
Stretching weak fingers up to God,
And know

I too push upward to the light,
Thrusting through shadows dark as night,—
With blinded eyes,
Less single-hearted than the flower
That for an hour
Of exquisite expression, lives and dies.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

THE ETERNAL DIAN

Lo the huntress—
Breasting the gale she comes, her long hair beating
 down the wind,
She leaves the hills behind,
While the wet grasses of the valleys greet
The pressure of the sandalled feet,
Then she is gone into the dawn,
On, Dian, on!

Far on the huntress flees.
The encircling trees
Stretch forth caressing fingers to the goddess—
She beats them to their knees,
And on she flees
Leaving the dawn behind.

What god or mortal can outrun Dian?
They follow as she flees
With hard keen sinews through the world—
The light skirt swirled,
Is tight against her knees.
Swifter than light she flies,
Panting and eager to appease
The passionate dissatisfaction in her eyes.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

Up, up to the mountain height
She races with the light,
Spurning the rocky sod
Which trembles at the footsteps of the god.
The huntress flees
Down the deep valleys, by the sounding seas,
Lonely, unsatisfied, she flees,
Eternally she flees.

The little ardent trees
Would kiss the impatient hand;
Upon their knees
Men list an echo on a light wind fanned.
Impatient, tireless, alone—
Huntress and hunted, Dian flees.

Who, who can hope to appease
The hunger which a goddess flees?

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

THE ANCIENT SOUL

FOR it was the ancient soul in him . . . and to deny it was to deny life itself . . . And along this path he really believed at the moment his little human will could hold him firm.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD *in "The Lost Valley."*

Before the stars had lit the sky
Or Time begun its span,
There rose from the deeps of Chaos
The Ancient Soul of Man.
It walked with God in the garden
On this our earth's first day,
And the secret words that it learned from God
Have lived in its heart alway.

It is older than stars or suns,
It has looked to the end of Time,
And watched the elder races fail,
While it mused on the Great Sublime.
It broods in a mystic ecstasy—
But ever again in a man
The Ancient Soul will rise full tide
If his deeds would wreck the Plan.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

TO BROWNING

Master, about whose laurelled head, the years
Fame's fairest, brightest aureole have bound,
We, too, within the fading century's round
Would tribute bring thee in thy starry spheres,—
Love of our hearts, and all our gladdening fears,
We bring to thee, our master-warrior, found
Triumphant in life's battles,—victor crowned
By voice of all earth's poets and her seers.

O magic builder, through the strong-winged song,—
Thy pinions sweeping farthest deeps of air,—
Living still, thy soaring spirit sways,
Like a breath of fire that stirs, a throng
Of counseling actions, making fair
Body and spirit through man's length of days.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

POR TS OF CALL

Here is a Port of Call.
Here for a day the home-sick mariner
Remembers fitfully the living flame.
Here from his oft-recurring voyagings he rests.
Darkly at first—
He scarcely feels at home on land,
Or sees the hands outstretched in greeting.
Yet sometimes finds he one within whose eyes
He reads dim recognition,
And then outleaping in pure joy
He seeks the steps they two have trod,—
And fails to find, is lonely to the end—
Until the impelling Spirit breathes him home again—
To send him forth upon fresh journeyings.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYR I C

TO IMAGINATION

[*Suggested by MAXFIELD PARRISH'S "Air Castles"*]

O beauteous boy a-dream, what visions sought
 Of pictures magical thy eyes unfold,
What triumphs of celestial wonders wrought,
 What marvels from a breath of beauty rolled!
Skyward and seaward on the clouds are scrolled
 A mystic imagery of castled thought,
A thousand worlds to lose,—or win and mold,—
 A radiant iridescence swiftly caught
Of ever-changing glory, fancy-fraught.

Blue wonder of the sea and luminous sky,—
 A thousand wonders in thy dreamlit face,—
Eyes that beheld afar the turrets high
 Of Illium, and the transient mortal grace
Of Deirdre's sadness, all the conquering race
 Of Athens,—eyes that saw Eden's beauty lie
In passionate adoration—visions trace
 Across the tender brooding of the sigh
That wrecked a city and made chieftains die.

Forward not backward turns the mystic shine
 Of those far-seeing eyes that track the gleam—
The fleecy marvel of the cloud is line
 On line the wizard tracery of a dream.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

O lad, who buildest not of things that seem,
 Beyond what bounds of visioning divine
Came that far smile, from what long-strayed sunbeam
 Caught thou the radiance, from what fostering vine
The power to build and mold the deep design?

Knowest thou the secret that thy brush would tell,
 Is all the dream a bubbled splendor white,
Beyond those castles cloud-bound, does there dwell
 The eternal silence of the dark—or light?
Will thy hand hold the pen which shall indict
 The symbolled mystery—write the final knell
Of rainbow fancy—is the distant sight
 A nothingness encircled by the spell
Of gleaming bubbles wrought of beauty's shell?

In vain to question, where the mystery
 Of Youth's short golden dream is lord and king.
The eyes that farthest gaze in ecstasy,
 Were never meant to paint the immortal thing
They see, nor understand the joy they bring.
 The misty baubles of the sky and sea
Sail on. Dream still, bright-visioned boy, and fling
 The glittering mantle of thy thoughts that flee,
Weaving us evermore thy shining pageantry.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

THE SOURCE

Come forth, my spirit, from thy hiding place!
Casting aside the tyranny of mortal dreams,
Roam free from every barrier of earth,
And draw thyself through thy supreme desire
Back to the Source.

Stretch forth thy wings until they break the mold,
Then leap toward thy desire,
Until—

Through parting boundaries of stars and space
The measureless great One appears
In ocean vastness and rich silences,—
Deep-bosomed, with upholding arms of power.
Then—through the parted essences let leap
The undivided flame!

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

FAREWELL

In memory of

MARGARET WHITNEY MEARS

Farewell! Farewell! The billows break
On distant deeps and shores descending.
Farewell! Farewell! From life awake
And know that friendship hath no ending.

Within those radiant realms of sleep,—
That sleep whose portals thou dost sunder,—
Dreamless, unwearied, thou shalt keep
Guard o'er our souls that watch and wonder.

Farewell! Farewell! The night is dark
And low the distant bells are tolling.
Farewell! Farewell! Far speeds thy bark,
Nor harbors where the waves are rolling.

Safe in the port, the sail drops low,—
The mariner of tides heeds never,—
But from thy prow a light shall flow
To guide our storm-tossed craft forever!

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

COULD I FORGET

Could I forget—here, where all fair green things
Are springing forth in new ecstatic birth
From out the mystic, girding heart of earth;
Where as of old, the swirl of growing wings,
So hourly now, a fuller gladness brings;
Where wavelets breaking into new-born worth,
Lap our blue-girded shores with silvery mirth,
Till all my being for their beauty sings.

Forget? Nay, I remember joy and tears,
The sweetness of swift laughter that are past,
And all our wondrous treasure trove of dreams.
I feel again the pulsing of the years,
I live each moment dearer than the last,
For me once more each star-like memory gleams.

Wellesley, July, 1911.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

THE ETERNAL QUESTER

In memory of

SOPHIE JEWETT

God fashioned at the first one poet-soul,

Then broke it into iridescent bits.

Each mirroring the clear image of the whole.

He scattered them, so that one master sits
Amid sweet concord, while another knits

His art with mythic Orpheus—first to sing.

Our western world a host of songs admits,

But waits its greatest. Was it thine to bring?

Didst thou forgo the wondrous beauty of this thing?

One poet-soul and thou art of that one!

Thy part-withhelden message must be told.

No atom can be lost. Each deed is done

For which a dream was dreamed. Songs must unfold,
Though strangled, helpless, pleading, in the mold.

Some other world will win what earth has lost,
Unless it chance thou seek'st again thine old

And once-loved earth—a pilgrim soul, fate-tossed,
Daring thy Paradisal memories to accost.

So haps it sometimes that the old Earth wins

A bright chance angel to redeem its worth.

Some voyageur to another world begins

New life. Should we know thee in such rebirth?

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

Or in some other sphere should find a dearth

In immortality, knowing no sign

Of recognition for the loved on earth?

Or are our starved half-memories made divine
And crystaline, escaping the dulled dust's confine?

Here was thy soul a white, fleet, glowing fire.

We saw as through a dome of prised glass—
Reflecting myriad loves, joy, hope, desire—

We watched as in a dream thy earth-self pass,
And watching, understood not half, alas!

One chance is ours, if knowledge may not be—
Will not the burthen of thy songs amass

Their old time sweetness and the melody
Of these thou sang'st ere thou outgrew mortality?

Thou wert our morning star. Shadows may hide

Thy footsteps and thy voice from Echo's ears,—
Faint Echo! but we know thou dost abide

Unchanging here. Through swiftly fleeing years
We seek thee on these paths. Loved Memory rears

The music of thy golden voice which calls
Our hearts to dream, rouses to happy tears.

On curving tender lips the sunlight falls—
The self-same sunlight filtering through these same
old halls!

Thou art not gone! Thy spirit cannot die!

And we who knew its splendor in old days,
The mighty powers of Time and Change defy,

And seek thee here amid familiar ways.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

Remembered beauties of thy soul could raise
The burden of our dust-dimmed thoughts to worth
Of dearer life. We vainly seek fit praise—
Who drew from thee our aspirations' birth
Shall ever thy memory changeless keep on earth!

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

MEMORIES

I walk the old-time way
Your feet have trod,
Beneath the snows today
Tall tulips nod.

As once along this way
I saw your face,
So by each ice-bound tree
Your smiles I trace.

Remembering our joy
That other day
When you and I together
Walked this way.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

A LEAF ON THE WIND

Borne from the heavens, a leaf on the wind,
Blown o'er the treetops and blown to the ground,
Swept to your heart and about it entwined,
Quivering and trembling with infinite sound.
Wind-free and flame-bright and breathless—a fire
Blown up and down the great vast of the world,
Tortured and twisted with blazing desire,
Like a star from the heavens, fate-driven, earth-
hurled.
Take me and shape me—a breath of the light!
Make me a reed for the winds, life-sweet,—
Impelled from the heights and the depths in flight,
Blown on the whirlwind, blown to your feet.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

THE EYES THAT LAUGHED

[FOR CHARLES EDWARD MANN]

Two gods of infinite dreams, you smile
On the pomp of man in the glow of his pride,
From your pictured face I can scarce decide
Of your purpose—to scorn or to beguile,

The while

As you smile

You seem to say—"Once I rode
With the conquering Greeks to Ilion town,
And saw the Spartan queen look down
From the walls, where a battled chieftain strode."
Can you tell me the thoughts of her they seek,
Is she glad to flee from Ilion town,
Does she mourn the past and its dark renown,
And long for the arms of the conquering Greek?

O eyes that smile in that pictured face,
Can you tell me the secret I long to know,
That is writ in the whirling streams that flow
From the heart of the mountains in wildest race?

From the grace

Of the pictured face

You answer me once again—"I have known
The soul of a rose, and I have seen
The fire in the eyes of Caesar's queen—
Such things change not though years have flown.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

The drowsy lull of the slow Nile stream
Is one with the sun-bright waves that dash
At dark Tintagel's base, the flash
Of the singing stars in their first swift gleam."

O Sphinx who dwells in those eyes serene,
Can you answer your riddle I long to learn—
Reveal the dream in your eyes that yearn,
Your eyes that laugh for the vision seen?

From the mien
Of those eyes serene

My question is answered now—"I quaff
All wine, the rose and the star are mine,
The mountain secret, the growing vine,
I love all little things that laugh!
'Beauty is truth', not all I say,
From Helen's eyes and the heart of the rose
And the singing stars the secret grows—
The whence and whither of the way."

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

ABOVE THE STARS

O God thy hand in pity lay
On sorrow-quivering scars,
And keep in tenderness, we pray,
Our love above the stars.

In memory's hand, our hands we place,
Nor turn from Love's sad eyes,
But bravely, gladly, seek to trace
Our dream beyond the skies.

Our dream, once ours in thoughtless days,
Immortal, winged afar,
Now beacons us, eternal ways,
Blazing, beyond each star.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

THE VOICE THAT CALLS

There's a voice that calls
And I must go.
The twilight glimmers,
The lights are low.
Out of the dark
There's a voice that calls,
Across my dreams
A shadow falls.

Smiles that beckon
And eyes that weep,
The winds to blow
My dreams a-sleep.
Roses for love,
And stars for light—
And ever the voice
Across the night.

The twilight glimmers
The lights are low—
There's a voice that calls
And I must go—
Over the mountains,
Across the sea—
Wherever the voice
Shall call to me.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

TANGLED WEB

Tangled web of dreams and fears,—
Life's a world set flying—
Half the woof of joy is tears—
Spirits laughing, spirits sighing.
Take the starshine and the night,
Weave a web of rapture,—
Loose the tears and take delight
In the joys you capture.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

FIRST MEETING

The first time that I saw her with the light upon her face,
Then I began to love her and to long for her embrace.
The way her eyes would twinkle and the curling golden hair,
The dimple in her left cheek, and the dainty winsome air
When she felt my eyes upon her and she turned her head away,
Would set my heart a-beating and a-longing for that day
When my arms should meet around her and no man should say me nay !

Most every day I sought her in the garden or the town,
And how her eyes would sparkle, with their gray all flecked with brown,
And the long dark curling eyelash would just caress her cheek,
Lest I should see the welcome that her lips would never speak !
O my little bashful sweetheart, I never can forget
Till the stars shall fade from heaven and the sun for aye be set,
That golden August morning and the first time that we met !

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

There were other happy mornings but no one was
quite like this,
When the sun shone bright upon her and my own lips
longed to kiss
Those pretty smiling lips of hers, and make the roses
play
Amid the damask of her cheek like peach blooms swept
astray
By the truant winds of springtime! Oh, that hour
shall never fade
From the tablets of my memory, and when I in dust
am laid
My closed eyes still shall see her and the picture that
she made!

That day has long time faded and my love has gone
away!
Still in my dreams I meet her as on that August day—
The sun shines warm upon her and about her little
feet
The goldenrod and asters press—the summer breeze
is sweet
With the fragrance of a rose that blooms behind a
garden wall—
I press her little hand in mine, and when her fingers
fall
So real the dream becomes to me, I hear the robins call.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

COME OVER THE SILVER SEAS

Come over the silver seas to me,
I am calling, calling;
And bring thy heart of gold with thee,
For the leaves are falling.

Here in the woodland where I dwell,
Birds are singing,
Not half so sweet as thoughts of thee
Round my heart a-clinging.

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

BENEATH THE SKIES

Before me you glimmer and dance, dear,
In the rain that descends on the leaves,
There's a cry of heartbreak in your glance, dear,
That answers my heart as it grieves;
And out through the mist of the morning,
In the sunlight that's calling the plain,
You shine in the gleam of the dawning—
A sunbeam that follows the rain.

Then down through the dusk of the gloaming,
You smile in the first flashing star;
And call me to far fields of roaming
On the pinions of winds from afar;
But always 'tis you whom I see, dear,
In the heart of the world that I know,
And so 'tis your voice it must be, dear,
To guide me wherever I go.

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

PILGRIM LOVE

Love has wandered through the land,
Worn the garb of every art,
Conqueror been and serf in band,
Trickster, pled in every heart!
But today he stands alone,
Cheerless by an old hearth stone.

Why is Love a suppliant spurned,
Where once he reigned gay king?
Why is Love a palmer turned,
Whose wont to dance and sing?
Is the world grown gray and old,
That he shivers from the cold?

Love has lost his fief and realm,
There's another reigns today—
Golden-cloaked from spur to helm,
Where King Love of old held sway.
Harp and sceptre flung aside,
Pilgrim Love afar doth ride.

Seeks he now and seeks tomorrow,
One will list his old-time tale,
Pleading low in pain and sorrow,—
Pilgrim-clad,—without avail,
For Love's fiefmen, hoar and old,
Cast themselves before King Gold.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

SUNSET ON THE OCEAN

O the sunset and the ocean,
And skies at eventide,
All the world one ceaseless motion,
And oh, the world is wide!

Just to forget and pause and dream—
While winds and tides flow far—
Then to remember all the gleam
Of your first evening star.

And while the tide is ebbing fast,
To let the years take flight,
And in the farthest cloud—at last
Find your first heaven of light.

For the waves and every sunset,
And the misty twilight dew,
And every twinkling star have met—
To bring this dream to you!

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

THE JANUS-HOUSE

There is a road which I remember well.
Red raspberries grew beside it,
And stunted blueberries in the dust-stained grass.
The sky was fretted with dark larches
Except where—here and there—
A rock-strewn field ran downward to a rocky shore.
The sky seemed always bright cold blue,
Daubed with a countless pother of foam colored clouds.
I remember the rising of white dust in billows
When a wagon rattled by.
Clearest in my memory
An old moth-eaten house stands just at the road's
turn—
So the house could look both ways.
It sheltered a gray, toothless crone whose smile had
grown into a leer.
My eyes were never weary watching that road's turn,
Nor I of wondering what lay beyond—
For all of life—romance and destiny—might lie just
round the turn!
Whichever way I walked the road
My eager thoughts leaped to the turn of it.
God, how I pitied the Janus-house, which knew no
mystery waited just beyond a turn!

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

BARE BRANCHES AGAINST THE SUNSET

Cross and cross and cross again,
Triangles, rectangles, squares,
With here and there a curve which ends beyond the
earth.

You fret a sky faint as the halo of some old Italian
angel.

Nature's uneven network,
Your hard blackness cuts the pale aura of our earth.
The radiance is—and is not—
And the network is.

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

ACROSS THE DEEP

You are gone, and now no more
Wind or cloud or setting sun,
Touch you to the joy of yore,—
Your race is run.

Out of all you loved and knew,
All I heard you do or speak,
Is there nothing now to rue,
No one to seek?

When you call across the deep,
Is there none whose answer blows,
Wafted through the lids of sleep,
Whence no dream flows?

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

THE MERMAID'S CALL

Far in the depths of the star-strewn deep
I hear the call,
Where mermaids weep o'er the eyes that sleep
Forgetting all.

The moon hangs low o'er a silver sea
With its rise and fall,
The tumbling waves flow over me
And I hear the call.

Slowly it rises from distant lands—
Breath of the sea—
With tones that lure and outstretched hands
It is calling me.

Deep and vast it is gathering strength,
As sea-winds fly,
Till the sky reverberates through its length
With the mighty cry.

The stars bend low to caress the wave—
Blending sea and sky—
In heaven or earth is naught can save
Me from that cry!

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

For from the depths of the star-strewn deep
I hear the call,
Where mermaids weep o'er the eyes that sleep,
Forgetting all.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

THE JOURNEY TO THE SEA

*I would sail upon the ocean,
So I hurry from the hills,
For my heart has felt its motion,—
With a mighty answer thrills!
And I throb and hurry faster
In my journey to the sea,
For my heart has heard its master—
In the voice that's calling me.*

There is nothing in the hill towns
Like the glamour of the sea,
I've flowed 'neath icy mountain crowns,
Mirrored many a flower and tree;
Birds have called me with their songs,
Trees and flowers have beckoned me,—
Still my dreaming heart belongs
To the music of the sea.

From the night-time till the morning,
From the mountains to the sea,
I am coming through the dawning
To the voice that's calling me.
Through the meadows, fast and faster
I have hurried, glad and free,
Till at last I meet my master
In the sunlight on the sea.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

WIND-LURE

The wind's a soul on fire,
Deep-tortured in days gone by—
With a rose-red dream of desire
Once born from a drifting sigh.
Now it's an endless crying,
Wailing through many nights,—
A-blowing wan spirits, flying
To be scattered in glittering lights.
By blazing desire, hard-driven,
Whirled through the listening abyss—
To bear in its heart who have given
Their souls to its long wild kiss.

My soul and the wind's soul, one in one.
My soul to the wind's soul, since life begun!

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

THE DREAM I DREAMED BEFORE I WAS BORN

There's a dream I dreamed before I was born,
That troubles my soul unceasingly,
With a sense of half-remembered splendor,
A flash of sunlight, a glimmer of sea,
The rain that comes clouding the April meadow,
The rose that I picked ere its perfect glory—
The shadows that haunt the dreaming days
Like the visioned end of a half told story.

There's shadow broods in the autumn air,
And darkens the light of the winter morn,
For the loss of that shining, flame-kissed vision—
The dream I dreamed before I was born.
Out of a glory, I cross the dark,
Seek the wonderful dream once more,
That troubles me still with remembered beauty,
I knew on some strange and mist-wrapped shore.

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

GHOSTS

The wind blows in with bitter chill,
The dank fog comes from the sea—
The ghosts that wander over the hill,
Are they one or two or three?

The church bell rings with solemn sound,
Noiselessly shakes each bare-boughed tree,
And they who walk in weary round,
Are they one or two or three?

I sit and hear each dashing wave,
While the heart grows cold in me—
To watch them, tall and still and grave,
Those one or two or three.

To feel the quiet tread of feet
To the ebbing beat of the sea,
As waves roll on and ghosts repeat
Their dreary march of three.

A thousand lights glance from the land,
And glimmer beneath the sea,
But only the moon shines on that band,
With its endless procession of three.

There's one who always goes before,
One follows him swift and free,

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

And there's one that lingers evermore,
On their path to the hill from the sea.

The moon is low, the morn is chill,
A dim fear masters the heart of me,
Watching those wanderers over the hill,
Be they one or two or three.

Will they come tonight and a thousand nights,
When the wind blows salt from the sea,
Will they wander up the bare-browed hill—
One ghost or two or three?

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

DOOM MAGIC

O doom is in the air,
And fate is on the sea—
And sorrow, sorrow, sorrow
Is in the heart of me.
For oh, the winds blow south,
And oh, the winds blow north,
And what of the magic dreamers,
What of the star and moth?

Rosy gleams in the sky,
Silver foam on the sea,
And golden are the dreams
In the heart of me.
Misty is the starlight,
Faded is desire—
Gone are all the visions,
Spent in windy fire.

Fate upon the moon rides,
Doom rises from the sea,
And scatters all the dreams
From out the heart of me.
For oh, the winds blow north,
And oh, the winds blow south,
And Destiny comes smiling—
With a rose-red mouth.

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

TO A DEAD POET

O golden tongue, silenced these many years,
The magic of thy utterance must last,
Though thou hast rent the mystic veil and passed
Through the low portal, down the road of tears.
The long slow agony, the numbing fears
Forgot, still sounds thy ringing, silv'ry blast,
Smiting deaf ears of men long years bound fast
By earthern shackles—till the Dawn appears.

Out of the Dawn he came, a glorious might
From veiléd darkness, bearer of a torch
To light the path down which he passed and bring
One ray—a long fair arrow of white light—
To rouse the sons of men, to toil and watch
The roseate East, where still vast wonders cling!

AN ACREAGE OF LYRIC

SONGS FROM A DRAMA

I

Through the gray billows I'm sliding,
In blue-green shadows I'm hiding,
Swiftly to you I am gliding—
Merman, I come to thee!

Watch how my gold hair is glowing,
Through the dark waves it is flowing,
Where deep-sea breezes are blowing—
Sweetheart, I come to thee!

Round you each gold hair is twining,
In their warm depths your eyes shining—
Eyes for my own eyes' divining,
Heart of my heart, I come!

II

Far in the deeps of the ocean caves,
Where silence sleeps 'neath the heart of the waves,
 My love and I shall dwell.
Red are the gleams of the sunset sky
Shall pierce our dreams of joys that die
 Where my love and I shall dwell.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

Come with me there to my ocean home,
Leave dark care to the glittering foam—

 Come to the deeps with me!

Safe from alarms, you shall know bliss,
Rest in my arms, capture my kiss,—

 Come to the deeps with me!

III

Bane of the seas, bane of the seas,
Why are we born with dreams like these—
A greedy hunger that burns my breast,
That drives me to you and will not rest.
Go back, go back to your birds and trees—
I am bane of the seas, bane of the seas!

IV

Love is a wind, love is a fire,
 Love is a terrible thing,
A breath of song, and a wild desire,
 Love is a terrible thing.
Winds may ruffle the topmost wave,
 Birds in the sky may sing,—
But there rises a wind no man can brave,
 When love is on the wing!

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

Love is a wind, love is a fire,
 Love is a voice that sings,
The whole world brought to the brink of desire—
 But swift-borne love has wings!
Only a voice that calls from the deep,
 When love is on the wing—
A cry, a silence, and then a sleep,—
 Love is a terrible thing!

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

LOVE WAS CLAD IN GREEN AND SCARLET

Love was clad in green and scarlet
When he wandered 'cross the wold,
But the god came back at night time
With his scarlet all pure gold.
And the green he wore at morning
Had been turned to saffron bright,
When weary-hearted Love crept home
To rest him through the night.

Love came home sad-eyed and sighing
From his wandering 'cross the wold,
All his green and scarlet garments
Changed to match a heart grown cold.
But the Love who came sad-hearted,
Clad in glamour and in gleam,
Kept his memory green and scarlet,
While he scorned the golden dream.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

THE NEW DAY

Now at last the Word is spoken which shall echo till
Time's end,
Even now its deep reverberations have reached the
troubled stars,
And the air is all aquiver with an eagerness, to mend
The anguish of the old earth's scars.

Such a silence as has fallen the grim world has seldom
known,
For at last the guns are quiet and the sound of marching
feet
Has ceased to stir the midnight air—the wind along
the old roads blown
Has suddenly grown strange and sweet!

In the heart of that rich silence we can guess what
hosts must wait—
How the Spirits of the Battlefield have gathered close
tonight—
We almost felt their eager breathing as the long slow
sword of Fate
Flashed and flashing, vanished into light.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

Such a light as fills one's dreaming, full of healing
for the soul,
A light of peace which shines across dark thresholds
and where a promise clings—
While the Spirits of the Battlefield who paid the last
sad toll,
Shall guard the gloaming of the kings.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

GRAY SEA

There's a gray, gray sea,
And a gray, gray sky,
And a line where the two have met,
When over the waters quietly,
A silence broods that is stern and high—
Over the earth when the sun is set.

O silent majestic sea,
O wonderful silent sky,
And blue-gray light on the beach;—
Is a god at the heart of your mystery,
Does he speak in that long low cry
That is ecstasy out of reach?

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

YEAR OF PEACE

There was a time, though long ago it seems,—
A feeble score if you will count in years—
When all men built a great high house
To hold a rare and precious thing.
They guarded it with high strong words
And prided them that they had had the wit
To find this precious thing and shut it within doors.
They laughed a little boldly, proudly,
To think that they had captured Peace,
And clipped its wings and branded it their own—
Peace, the long-sought, elusive darling of the ages.
“Now we have captured Peace,” they cried,
Never again will we have wars!”

Then when within a few years’ space
Quarrels broke out and one or two among them
Left the others guarding Peace and fought among
themselves,
The greater guardians still smiled on, content,
And let them have their sport, like idle boys,
Feeling the majesty of their great charge
At will, could make the broiling cease.

So while they paid their lazy court
And gloated on the treasure of their house
The thief broke in and stole their Peace away

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

And carried it to unknown lands and hid it darkly,
And they beheld the mockery of their empty house,
Feeling the house itself tremble and all its walls
Shake with despair.

They roused to find themselves at war, little and great,
And all their high-prized glory was as naught.
Those bitter, bitter years of war—
When the great beasts were loosed upon the world,
Wallowing in the blood and ruin which they wrought,
And the old virtues and the old sins came again,
Wasting the earth and men almost forgot to hope.
Famine and pestilence and death and all the ugly brood
Who ever yet have served the lords of war,
And sent their hollow laughter echoing through the
years,
All these descended upon earth and ruled the world.

Year of the Peace—can it be she who comes
Not glory-garlanded and vaunting as of yore,
But with cool hands and troubled eyes—
Eyes that forever see and never can forget?—
Can it be Peace, our Peace, we greet
With the loud roar of joy and the long silences?

Can it be peace, the day of old sure things?
Shall we dare say “to-morrow” and not fear
What that “to-morrow” brings?
And shall we learn again

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

The old glad fear-free ways,
The laughter and the carelessness
Of those old days?
Can it be possible
Ever again to love and live
As if we held the price in our own hands?
Will men and women give
The old allegiances, forget their tears,
And build again—no more in minutes—but in years?—
A month, a week, you may be you no more!—
And will the moment come when we shall dare
Put by our memories, nor breathe a prayer
Before the shrine of our old sorrows and our fears?
This peace is sacrament,
Before its bar
Each must walk softly, for each bears his scar.

A N A C R E A G E O F LYRIC

L'ENVOI

When the time for parting comes and the day is on
the wane,
And the silent evening darkens over hill and over plain,
And the earth holds no more sorrow, no more grief
and no more pain,
Shall we weary for the battle and the strife?

When at last the trail is ending and the stars are grow-
ing near,
And we breathe the breath of conquest and the voices
that we hear
Are the Great Companions' voices that have hallowed
year on year,
Shall we know an instant's grieving as we pass?

Shall we pause a fleeting moment ere we grasp the
eager hands,
Take one last long look of wonder at the dimming of
the lands,
Love the earth one glowing moment ere we pass from
its demands,
Cull all beauty in its essence as we gaze?

A N A C R E A G E O F L Y R I C

Or with not one backward longing shall we leap the
last abyss,
Scale the highest crags glad-hearted, fearful only lest
the bliss
Of an earth-remembering instant should delay the
Great Sun's kiss—
Consuming us within the splendor of the Flame?

